

Trope: Porn Star AU (Hannigram AU)

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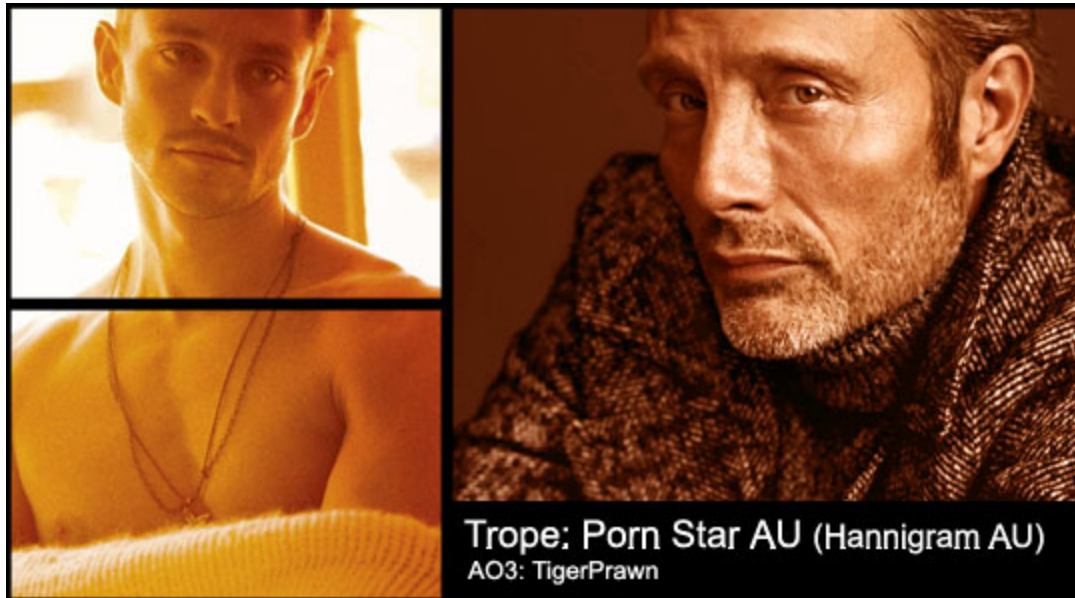
Trope: Porn Star AU (Hannigram AU)

by [TigerPrawn](#)

Summary

A porn star, a businessman, a one night stand... that lasts a little longer than planned.

Chapter 1



Hannibal Lecter loosened his tie and slipped into the bar stool. He was looking forward to his bed, but he needed to take the edge off first. Despite being dog tired he was still buzzing from his meeting. He had settled a huge account and had been tempted to go drinking with some of his fellow senior colleagues to celebrate. But... that usually ended up in him wanting to kill one or all of them. Sober they were almost decent people - though somewhat ruthless and pathological. Traits he knew well in truth. But drunk? They were just another pack of hormone driven alphas who didn't give a damn that this omega had worked his way to the top quicker than any of them and having to overcome more obstacles.

Not that it mattered. This account was the cherry on the proverbial cake. In less than a month Hannibal would be moving on. Finally setting up his own company and taking a couple of colleagues and most of his client list with him. The thought drew the edge of his lips into a smile as he signalled the server for a drink. He would just have a couple of drinks and then head back to his apartment, fall into bed and ease nicely into a well deserved weekend.

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Will saw the drink arrive in front of the man and eyed the stool next to him. The man was at least ten maybe fifteen years older than him, but not so terribly old. He had the physique of a dancer - if his back was anything to go by when he removed his suit jacket. Will was already imagining what the man might look like naked when he finally caught his scent.

He had shaken out his jacket and hung it over the back of the stool - the action bringing his pheromones and sweat of the day, on a delicate breeze to Will's nose.

Omega.

Will felt his dick twitch all the way down to his resting knot. He wasn't particularly fussy about the intimate parts of those he enjoyed being intimate with, but he couldn't deny that his alpha body always reacted on instinct to an omega. And this night was no exception.

He probably prefer to stick to omegas a lot of the time, but being a 23 year old twink of a kid, it was sort of assumed by most he met, that he played omega in the bedroom. And whilst he did on occasion, and enjoyed it... he didn't like the feeling that he had to deny himself as an alpha just because he didn't fit the mould of what most omegas were looking for. They didn't want an alpha who seemed as delicate and submissive as the stereotypical omega - and whilst that served him fine in his line of work...

Will got up from the small table where he was sat and moved quickly to the stool next to the stranger, laying a hand on the back of the omega's stool as he eased himself in. That earned him a look. It was one of curiosity edged with something near murderous annoyance.

The omega glanced at him and then away, though it seemed more true lack of interest than playing hard to get. Maybe, with his broad shoulders and chiseled facial structure, this one was too often mistaken for alpha as Will was for omega?

"Buy me a drink." Will said. Not a request and not his usual tactic. But this wasn't a usual omega to all appearances. Well dressed, clearly refined in the way he presented himself. He looked like one of the city bigwigs - a career omega. Will's dick twitched again and he nearly cursed under his breath at his ridiculous body's reaction.

The omega turned an amused look on him and Will was hit with the full beauty of the man's face. Thank fuck the stools had backs or he'd have gone over.

"And why should I do that?" The words were almost sneered. Yeah this was clearly a guy who had no time for alpha bullshit. But Will wasn't going to give up that easy so he was going to lay it out simply.

Will let his lips twitch up into a smile. "Because it would be a nice way to get to know each other. And then... we could continue to get to know each other."

"Are you propositioning me." The omega near chuckled and looked him up and down - his face a mask to Will, usually so good at reading people.

"Depends. If by propositioning you mean that I'd like to spend the rest of the evening fucking you into a mattress and having you scream on my knot... then yeah. I guess I am."

The omega's expression didn't alter. His face still completely impassive. There was a beat of silence, and then he turned back to face the bar. Another beat before he signalled the server.

"And whatever my friend is having." The omega said, not looking back at him.

*

The omega - Hannibal's - apartment was nice. Expensive.

Will had to admit the words *sugar daddy* jumped into his mind but he easily dismissed them. He was making good money now, he didn't need someone to take care of him - no matter how amazing their apartment.

No, this was sex for fun. Not sex for work. And there sure as hell was a difference. Will liked sex. Well, he loved it. But for work it was routine, it was - literally - a job. So as like any job, even if he was enjoying it, it was a job. And the fact was there were some parts that, like any job, were better or worse than others. It was set out, maybe not always scripted, but it was always a scene: a blow job scene; a fucking scene. From behind, on top, under, in the shower. The end result was still the same and Will was able to reach it because he enjoyed his job. He was good at his job. But it wasn't the same as having sex outside of work.

He had been worried at first that he would start disliking sex, or at the very least just not want to have any outside of work - that he would reach a saturation point. But he was wrong. Maybe it wasn't the case for everyone. But for him, not being fully satisfied with the sex at work, he desperately sought to satisfy outside of work. And tonight, Mr Moneybags was, hopefully, going to show him a good time.

They certainly seemed pretty compatible from their brief dalliance at the bar. They'd had two drinks, talked, flirted. Some pleasant banter that made them both aware that they were on the same wavelength - this butch omega wanted a twink alpha to fuck him good. And Will was so very much on board with that.

"This is nice." He said, taking in the apartment. When he turned back to the omega he saw the lust there that only omegas had for only alphas. That craving to be knotted. And damn if it didn't make Will instantly hard.

"Thank you." Hannibal rumbled, sending a shiver through Will. He loved all omegas - the twinks he fucked at work, the effeminate ones, the masculine ones, the submissive ones, the assertive ones. But he had to admit that if he had to make a list of the traits he liked the most, so far Hannibal was looking good on ticking them all.

"Drink?" Hannibal asked, discarding his jacket over the back of a chair before heading to a little bar across the room.

"Just water." Will replied. That earned him a questioning glance and the omega paused.

"I've had enough... I just want to stay hydrated." Will answered the unspoken question and Hannibal nodded, a smile tweaking at the corner of his lips.

"Of course." Hannibal pulled two bottles of water from a fridge behind the bar and started back, handing one to Will and then opening his own before pulling down long gulps until the bottle was half empty.

Will watched the movement of the omega's throat, wondering how it might look to have his cock being swallowed down the same way. He didn't have chance to open his own water before Hannibal moved forward, crowding him against the door they had entered, pinning him to it as he spoke with their mouths almost touching.

"Bedroom?" Hannibal asked.

"Anywhere you want me to knot you." Will replied breathlessly, his chest heaving against the powerful man that wanted to take everything he had to give.

Hannibal rumbled a murmur of pleasure before nipping at Will's lips, then kissing him soundly when he opened to him. Will savoured the coldness, his mouth still wet from the water.

"Yes." Hannibal muttered as he drew back. "Knot me anywhere." He snaked a hand between them then and cupped Will's rock hard cock and half swollen knot.

Will growled and pushed forward, nipping at the man's lips again as he began to peel off his shirt and then unbutton his jeans. There was a flurry of movement as they sought to continue the physical exploration they had started whilst removing the layers between them.

When they fell onto the luxurious sofa they were naked.

Hannibal pressed Will down into the cushions with a growl that had Will laughing. Fuck he loved this, it was like Hannibal was reading his damn mind.

Will slid a hand between them, down past the omega's sizeable and also hard cock and to his entrance. It was wet with slick which Will eagerly slid two fingers into. That made Hannibal's breath catch and then he ground down on Will's hand as he kissed him again.

Will moaned as Hannibal began to ride his fingers, sliding in a third finger when he had chance.

"You feel so ready for me." Will muttered when they broke apart to breath. He panted at Hannibal's neck as the omega leaned into him. His scent was fucking glorious - made all the more pungent by his arousal.

Without a word Hannibal pulled back and repositioned himself, moving off of Will's fingers as he took hold of Will's cock and sank down onto it.

Will bit into his lower lip to stop from crying out as Hannibal started to ride him hard. He gripped the omega's hips, digging his fingers into his flesh as they slammed together. His knot was aching and growing fuller by the minute.

"Knot me alpha." Hannibal groaned, throwing back his head and exposing the enticing long column of his neck. Beautifully untarnished and waiting for an alpha's mating mark.

Will growled at the thought, feeling it rumble up through his chest and throat. He planted his feet and fucked up into Hannibal so that they were slamming together until finally Hannibal began to open further. Will's knot started to press inside the omega, but then he lifted off of it.

Will almost doubled over at the sensation, his eyes rolling back in his head and his toes curling. Just as he was almost recovering, Hannibal plunged back down, this time taking his knot fully. Will's whole body spasmed. He shuddered as the sensation of it drove him over the edge. He felt like he was falling headlong over a cliff, Hannibal in his arms, as wave after

wave of pleasure shattered him. His balls were almost painfully tight as he cock throbbed and he spilled over and over inside the omega. So much that some even leaked around the knot.

Will's entire body tightened and then relaxed. He felt boneless as he fell against the cushions, unable to even think about moving as Hannibal continued to circle his hips. The omega ground against him, bringing Will almost to sobbing. He closed his eyes and let Hannibal take whatever he wanted.

He could hear the breathy sounds Hannibal was making, feel the rocking and jerking. The wet sound that grew faster and faster. Hannibal was jerking himself off whilst filled with his knot and the thought was almost enough to make him cum again.

And then Hannibal groaned and stiffened. Will felt simultaneously the wet splatter of Hannibal's cum on his chest and throat, and the pulsing tightening of his inner muscles as he milked his cock and knot. Will cried out and shuddered again as he came almost painfully. His body refused to move otherwise he would have arched from the cushions.

As it was Hannibal dropped forward onto him, his full weight pleasantly enveloping Will as they panted together. Will could feel the excess cum leaking from Hannibal between them and felt the sort of alpha satisfaction that came with such a good knotting.

He let a chuckle rumble from his chest. "That was really good... I mean, I have a lot of sex... that was so good."

Hannibal returned the chuckle, his hot breath puffing against Will's neck and making his every nerve tremble.

"Yes. It was rather satisfying."

They had stayed tied on the sofa for fifteen minutes and then were both loathed to move when Will softened. Even so, Will forced himself up for his water, of which he was now in desperate need. Hannibal rolled onto his back, stroking a hand through his chest hair as he watched Will take a drink and wander curiously around the apartment. He could feel the omega's eyes on him and, despite looking with genuine interest, at the neatly stacked bookshelves whilst wondering what sort of titillating sensations the omega gained from the rough pelt on his chest. Will certainly knew he liked the way it tickled against him. He hadn't been with nearly enough hirsute omegas - being mostly paired with twinkies when he wasn't paired with fellow alphas, those who did have body hair waxed to maintain the image.

When Will finished his bottle he turned back to the sofa. Hannibal was clearly very comfortable with himself, and Will adored that. He was stretched out, legs crossed at the ankles, hands behind his head and spent cock at rest in the crease of his thigh. His eyes were closed but he wasn't breathing shallow enough to have fallen asleep. It gave Will a chance to study the satisfied smile on the man's lips and take his due alpha pride in having brought that to him.

Even so, maybe it was a sign he was done there?

"I should go, unless you want... we could fool around some more?" Will tested the waters.

Hannibal's eyes fluttered open and Will had a great sense of being thoroughly studied before the omega replied - "Would you like to spend the night?"

*

Will woke in a luxurious bed, the strong arms of his omega conquest wrapped around him. He rolled, turning to face Hannibal, whose arms tightened in response.

The omega hummed his pleasure and spoke without opening his eyes. "You're still here."

It was only in that moment that Will made that realisation himself. He generally didn't stay over, in fact he couldn't even remember the last time he had. He had fully expected that he would get up in the night and leave. But he hadn't. In fact, it hadn't even occurred to him to do that once he agreed to stay the night.

"Apparently." Will finally responded, a little amused.

"Good, because I think I'd very much like to take you for lunch and then-"

Will sat and moved away, turning to look down at the omega. This bit he knew, this he had encountered before. "I don't think this will work out."

Hannibal sat up, frowning. "No pressure, just lunch. I thought it might be nice to get to know each other. Sexually we are very compatible and... perhaps we could see each other again? Casually. Sex, nothing more. I just like to be somewhat acquainted with my bed fellows."

"I'm flattered, I guess. But I'm just not interested in a sugar daddy. I'm not one of those twinks. I make good money... well, ok money. I don't need to be someone's kept boy." Will started to get up out of the bed but Hannibal's hand circled his wrist. The omega looked baffled and a little amused.

"You think because I have money I want to buy your time and attentions?" He let out a chuckle. "I really was just suggesting lunch. If you'd prefer, we can split the bill."

Will felt his face heat. "Shit. I just... I assumed, you just seem the type. Superficially. Urgh..." He hid his face in his hands and shook his head. "I'm such an idiot."

"No, not at all. It's understandable to make assumptions. We barely know each other, we need to fill in those gaps. If you would like? I'm not interested in anything serious, but... I would like to see you again."

Will peeked from behind his hands. "Sure... ok, that sounds good." He lowered his hands and nodded. "But I can't be out late tonight, I have an early start for work in the morning."

"Certainly. Not a problem. What is it that you do?"

Four Months Later

Hannibal wasn't sure exactly when he went from not being interested in anything serious, to wistfully imagining being bonded to Will Graham.

Actually he did. It was the fifth time they had hooked up - in the course of less than three weeks - and the second time Will knotted him that night. He had dragged the alpha on top of him, and kissed him roughly as Will entered him. And then... it hadn't been the rough fucking he had expected. Will had pulled back to breath and their eyes had locked. From there is had been a slow, sensual coupling which ended with Will nuzzling his neck in such a way that Hannibal's mind was screaming for him to beg to be bitten.

He had, of course, suppressed the urge and ignored the way the idea of it kept niggling at him.

Work was the problem. Not his, he was his own boss now - all set up and answerable to know one but his Clients. Will's work was the problem.

In the beginning Hannibal had not taken issue with Will being an actor in explicit movies. He had even enjoyed hearing stories of the strange happenings on the set of such ventures. Fluffing was certainly something he had found practical if amusing.

This thing between them wasn't serious so how could he be bothered by what Will did for a living? Especially considering this was just sex. Or at least it had started that way.

Hannibal considered that his mistake was taking Will to lunch that first time. Because as much as they called their encounters 'hookups', there was a definite dating element that they had both seemed happy to ignore. They didn't just arrive to service one another, they went for dinner or drinks. On one occasion Hannibal had taken Will to gallery opening he had received an invite to from a client. The previous weekend they had gone to the theatre - a play Hannibal wanted to see that also featured a past colleague of Will's in a small role.

Hannibal had wondered if he should put a stop to those aspects of their dealings and keep it to sex alone. But Will had said nothing and, selfishly, Hannibal enjoyed his company and wanted to share the time with him.

He was musing over this for what felt like the millionth time when there was a knock at the door and his heart beat irregularly for a moment. Anticipation.

Perhaps it was time to admit his feelings, ask if Will felt the same and wanted more? He pushed the thought down - this was just casual. Nothing serious. Neither of them were interested in anything more than they had...

Even so, he knew that if he tried he would likely be able to smell the alpha on the other side of the door, so accustomed was he to the man's scent. He did not. Instead he waited to savour the moment for when he opened the door.

But when he did the scent was not Will alone. The alpha stood there, looking a little disheveled and tired, but otherwise usual. And yet the scent was off.

"Sorry." Will smiled as he walked past Hannibal and into the apartment, so easy they were with each other now. "I know I'm a few minutes late. I had to come straight from work - shooting ran over."

Hannibal bristled as the scents slotted into his mind. He could practically imagine the haphazard wash Will had given himself in a restroom after having had intercourse with some starlet omega. *Two*. His mind corrected. The distinct scents separating out - two omegas and cheap hand soap.

He felt bile rise in his throat with the growl that wanted to break forth.

"Did you want to go out for dinner?" Will asked, casually taking off his jacket and turning back to where Hannibal still stood at the door. "I was wondering if I could grab a quick shower here? I didn't have time to-"

"No, I can see that." Hannibal cut him off. "Scent it." He couldn't help the venom in his words though he knew he had no right to it.

"Shit, I'm sorry. It's been a long day, I didn't get chance I-" Will was unbuttoning his shirt as he spoke as though intent on taking that shower.

"Please don't Will." Hannibal cut in again, feeling as though he had little control over the words tumbling from his mouth. "I'd rather you left."

Will stopped and looked at him. The front door was still open behind him - Will's eyes shifted from him to the door and back again.

"Come again?" Will asked, confusion and realisation all in one on his face. "The scent bothers you. Knowing what I do bothers you." Will stated.

Hannibal's jaw tightened. "Not before today." He felt an anger he couldn't hold back despite knowing he should. "I accept what you do, we have no claim on each other. But I would rather by bedfellows didn't come to me smelling of whores."

Will's eyebrows shot up at that and he looked almost amused. "Whores? Really Hannibal? I'm a whore then? I've been your whore the last couple of months and you haven't complained."

Hannibal wanted to tell him that wasn't what he meant, he wanted to apologise. He wanted to fall on his knees and beg Will to ignore this adolescent behaviour and stay. But he was not one to ever beg, so instead his jaw tightened further and he replied - "I'm complaining now."

Will nodded, let out a dark chuckle and shook his head before letting out an exasperated puff of air. He picked up his jacket and started back to the door, looking as though that might be it but then he stopped when he reached Hannibal, glancing at him sideways as he spoke -

"I thought we had something, you know? I wasn't sure what, and I know neither of us wanted anything serious, but you... you became more than just a fuck to me. But I guess we're through now." The last words came out on a near growl that sent a shiver over Hannibal's skin.

Despite his urge to beg becoming almost overwhelming, Hannibal managed the stilted reply - "I guess we are."

Will brushed past him and he closed his eyes, not opening them again until the door slammed shut and he sank to the floor, trembling.

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"Will!" Jimmy Price clapped him on the back and nearly sent him reeling, he hadn't seen the man come over. He liked Jimmy, he was one of the producer, and one of the nicer directors to boot. They had worked together on a lot of movies, and knew each other well. "How are things?"

Will shrugged. They were in the trailer that served as a breakroom for the set and Will was just glad his coffee hadn't spilled on the table in front of him.

"Yeah..." Jimmy agreed with a look of concern. "Here's the thing. The last few weeks you've been a little off your game. Is everything ok?"

"I'm fine, honestly Jimmy. I'll do better." Will's words came out in a rush. He knew he'd been fucking up - in the wrong kind of way - and really didn't want to lose his job.

"Hey, hey... No need for that. You're not in any trouble. We're just wondering if you're getting a bit bored of the twinks? I mean... Randall is a cutey, but you don't seem very into him." Jimmy commented on Will's current co-star. "You've haven't much seemed into anyone lately. We thought about pairing you back up with alphas? But it feels like that has been done to death now. So, Zeller had an idea."

Will raised a brow. Price and Zeller owned the production company together and as far as he could tell none of Zeller's ideas had ever been what anyone might call *good*.

"We've recently taken on a new guy. He's an omega, but he's pretty... butch. Big guy, takes it like a champ. We've been matching him up with some of our more... virulent alphas. But we're thinking what a treat it might be to have you two do something together. Cute twinkie little alpha with the rough and tough omega? Definitely a niche." Jimmy waggled his eyebrows.

Will's heart sank.

He had never been paired with that sort of omega at work. Never really wanted to be either. He almost didn't want to fuck anyone who was close to his idea of a perfect mate for him. He wasn't sure he could do that.

"Who is it?"

Jimmy pointed discretely across the trailer at the gruff looking man getting coffee. Will had seen him around on set and, actually, had presumed from a distance that he was an alpha.

"Jack Crawford. He's not been in the business long but... oh boy does he love it." Jimmy chuckled. "He could do with the boost of being on film with someone of your calibre. So the idea is, after we wrap this one today, we start next week with you and Jack. We've got an

interesting script - business mogul omega, in the office, on the desk, with delivery boy alpha. It'll be fun."

Jimmy said it all like Will had a choice. But there wasn't really, this was his job and Jack Crawford was his next assignment.

His stomach lurched.

It wasn't that Jack was repulsive, he just was finding it hard to have an interest in anyone since Hannibal kicked him to the kerb. His twinkly co-stars had been bad enough, a big bear of an omega? No, Will wasn't sure he could do that.

Even so, he found himself nodding and saying - "sure Jimmy. Sounds good."

"Excellent." Jimmy slapped him on the back again. This time Will did spill his coffee.

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"Hannibal?"

"Yes." Hannibal looked up, trying not to seem as startled as he was. It wasn't often someone caught him off guard, but there was his colleague Don Sutcliffe standing in his doorway with a concerned look on his face.

"I've sent you two emails about the Fuller account. What do you want to do about that?"

Hannibal tried to shake the thoughts from his head and focus on one of their top clients. He had been thinking about Will, again. It was becoming more difficult not to let the intrusive thoughts distract him. He replayed that evening over and over in his mind and desperately wanted things to have been different. He wished he had been able to stop himself, his pride, from getting in the way. The same traits that stood him well in business may have ruined his chances for... love.

Because they had had something. Will was right, there was something more. If there hadn't been then Hannibal wouldn't have been upset as he was. It wasn't as if Will was the first lover he had ever had. But he was the first that Hannibal had started to fall in love with. His humour and smile, his cheeky ways. The way that he submitted to Hannibal but also stood up for himself when he needed to.

"Hannibal, the Fuller account." Sutcliffe prompted when Hannibal drifted again.

"I'll handle it." Hannibal responded gruffly and Sutcliffe quirked a brow at that. At this rate he was going to alienate everyone in his life. "Sorry Don, I... have a lot on my mind right now. But I'll read the emails and pick it up."

Don nodded and looked like he was about to walk away, but instead he stepped into the office and closed the door behind him.

"Tell me to mind my own business, but Hannibal we've been friends a long time. I guess I could claim to know you better than most. And I guess I should say that I had noticed... the

scent, I mean. It wasn't strong. But just... there were days when you were in a great mood and you had the lingering scent of alpha on you. And now you don't and you're fucking miserable and... work is suffering. You managed to keep your clients when you set up on your own, please don't lose them now."

Don made to leave, his observation seemingly all he intended to say - no interrogation or further opinion.

"Don." Hannibal called to stop him. "I was happy. He made me happier than I think I've ever been. But-

"It's complicated? It always is." Don chuckled. They had met in college, hooked up and stayed friends. At the time Don had wanted more but Hannibal was career focused, he didn't want anything complicated. Not then, not now. But when they were together, nothing about his feelings for Will felt complicated.

"What do I do?" Hannibal sighed.

"Depends on what landed you in this spot. Apologise? Ask for an apology? Forget about it and move on? Whatever you have to I guess."

With that Don left the room.

Hannibal stared after him for a moment, wondering if advice could ever really be that simple. *Whatever he had to do?* Apologise? Beg? A few months ago the thought of that would have made him laugh in defiance, but now. For Will.

He turned back to his computer and pulled up the Fuller account. he would get this settled today and then take a personal day tomorrow. Try to work out what he should do, what he wanted to do. Whatever he had to do to win Will back.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

And now, for the conclusion...

"You're late." Jack Crawford's voice boomed and from the corner of his eye Will saw several of the crew jump, startled.

"Sorry sir, I got here as soon as I could. I knew you would want this special delivery." There was no remorse in Will's words as he sauntered into the office, setting down the small box on the desk whilst doing everything he could to look provocative. "It's a nice package."

"I'll be the judge of that." Crawford rumbled, stalking around the desk and sweeping the box onto the floor with one hand as he cupped Will's half hard dick with the other.

He really should have called the fluffer over before the scene. He felt like he was getting softer, not harder. It was Crawford, though not the man's fault. He had even less interest in him than he did in his twink. Maybe he should have taken some viagra? They had filmed pretty much everything else already and were finally onto the actual fucking, Will wasn't sure he could do it.

"Your line Will." Jimmy prompted. He waited a couple of beats on Will before yelling - "Cut."

Will looked up, Crawford's hand still on his rapidly softening dick as Jimmy looked at him confused. He never fucked up, he was one of the best actors they had - in every regard.

"Kid, is there a reason you've gone limp dick on me?" Crawford finally removed his hand whilst frowning at him.

Will turned to Jimmy. "I... I can't...."

"You need some viagra? This isn't like you Will, are you ok?" Jimmy started.

He shook his head. "I... I don't feel well. Can we reschedule? I think I need to go home."

"Are you sure? I can get the viagra-" Jimmy tried to persuade him, though he did look concerned.

"No." Will snapped. "I am not well. I am not going to be fucking anyone today." He growled. Crawford shrank back a little at that - in the ways omegas sometimes did when an alpha asserted themselves. In way the Hannibal never did. "Fuck." Will shouted out his frustration and stalked off set.

He had only been in the dressing room a minute when there was a quiet knock and Jimmy let himself in.

"Will. You're one of my best. I'd hate to lose you. But you've got to get this together. I hoped this would be the way but... Whatever is or isn't happening with this omega that has got your head on all upsidedown, you need to sort it out."

Will glanced at him with a raised brow and Jimmy shrugged.

"Doesn't take a genius to figure what's got you off your game. Look, don't say I don't have a heart - take the day off tomorrow and get yourself sorted. One way or the other. I want you back bright and early the next day and ready to work. Ok? We'll start on the Randell, Matt three way Valentine's special. I'll find something else for Crawford for now." He made a dismissive gesture with his hand.

Will nodded, unable to find any words at all. What was he meant to do?

He wasn't an idiot. He had known he and Hannibal were getting closer, even though he had been somewhat oblivious to Hannibal's feelings until that night. Not that he would have necessarily done anything different. It didn't matter now. It didn't matter what he felt, Hannibal didn't want him, so that was that.

He watched Jimmy leave and picked up his bag. Maybe he should just head to a bar and pick up some sweet omega to fuck around with for the night? Maybe that was what he needed - some unscripted sex to get his head back in the game for work.

Fuck Hannibal for doing this to him... He wasn't going to let Hannibal do this to him.

*

Will spent the morning in bed, sleeping off the bottle of whiskey he drank in the bathtub when he got home. Unable to find the nerve to go to the bar when his heart wasn't really in it. But he planned on changing that. He was determined this day would set everything right again.

It was after midday when he got up and fixed himself a plate of pancakes and smoked bacon. He usually ate fairly healthy - keeping trim for his job - but today was a day to indulge and get the fuck over Hannibal once and for all.

Once he finished eating and showered, he dressed and went into the city. Time to splurge some of the wages he had saved. Get some nice new clothes, a haircut, and then... go find some cute omega to spend the night fucking.

He was off at work because of his sex life outside of work. Because he couldn't get over Hannibal. Maybe if he sank his knot into the right omega, on his own terms outside of work, then he could finally start to block the man out. That and enough booze.

*

Hannibal had waited until after noon to try calling Will. He called from his home phone, a number Will didn't have, in the hopes that it wouldn't be ignored. It was ignored anyway.

He tried to distract himself for a few hours, cooking, whilst he considered what to do. He could go over to Will's apartment, but that seemed inappropriate. Forward in a way that Will wouldn't appreciate and would find intrusive. Perhaps he could keep trying to call, from his cell too - a number that Will did have - in the hopes he would pick up.

By mid evening there was little left Hannibal could do to distract himself from the knowledge that he needed to do more. The day was almost over and in his mind it felt like this was it - now or never. But he was still hesitating.

He had to ask himself how much he wanted Will? What he wanted from Will?

The answer was an immediate and resounding - *him*. He wanted Will. In the time they had been together he connected in a way he never had with anyone before. He knew it was the fear of opening himself up to that connection after years of being so thoroughly independent, that had made him react the way he did. Could he live with Will's profession?

He had thought he could when they were simply fooling around. When he could still pretend his heart wasn't invested.

Hannibal grabbed his jacket and walked out of the apartment without another thought. He would only know if he could live with it if he spoke to Will. If he were as invested too - if Will wanted him as much in return then he could live with anything.

He didn't stop until he came to the bar in which they had met. He had no reason to believe Will would be there other than a hope.

Hope that was dashed the moment he entered the bar and saw Will sitting at the spot they had met, talking with an older omega who smiled charmingly and laughed freely.

*

Will wanted to go home and sleep. He was so done with the day.

He'd got his haircut. After hours of trawling shops he only bought one new shirt. Now he was in the bar with Jimmy chewing his ear off. He'd seen him in the bar once or twice before, but they'd only passed greetings and left it at that. Apparently on this occasion, seeing Will alone after the stress of the previous day, Jimmy took it upon himself to keep Will company and cheer him up.

He was not, in any way at all, getting the hint that Will was there alone for a reason - and Jimmy was seriously hindering any and all chances he had of picking up that evening.

Jimmy let out another chuckle at one of his own jokes and Will couldn't help the sigh. After letting out the long breath, he breathed in and immediately stopped breathing altogether.

Hannibal was in the room. Will stilled, fighting the urge to turn and look for him. He had never scented anyone on the air like that before, and could only assume that it was the

growing closeness between them that caused him to do so now. And that caused a sharp pang of sadness and regret.

He really had started to think there was something there, something worth exploring.

That thought caught him off guard. He hadn't really allowed himself to let it surface before and now he had, it was stuck in his mind and he knew that had been the very thing that had been holding him back at work. He had wanted to explore what it was that made him want to sink his teeth into the omega and have his bonding bite in return.

Apparently Hannibal hadn't.

And now the omega was here and Will didn't know whether to get up and leave or confront him.

The decision was taken out of his hands when Jimmy's eyes suddenly went wide and Will heard a low omegan growl.

"I think I should go." Jimmy swallowed, eyes still wide. Will didn't need to turn to know what was happening and he felt anger burn inside him in reaction.

"Yes. That would be wise." Hannibal's words over his shoulder were sharp enough to cut.

"No, Jimmy." Will commanded, with a growl of his own. "Stay where you are." He turned to look at Hannibal, the omega was just behind him. The sight of him made Will fill with anger and longing. "What do you want Hannibal?"

Hannibal was still glaring at Jimmy, who looked pretty uncomfortable when confronted with a more powerful omega.

"I want him to leave." Hannibal said directly to Jimmy, who squirmed unhappily. "We need to talk." He turned to Will to say this, his eyes full of dark emotion. "We need to resolve this."

At that Will hopped out of his stool and turned, his back to Jimmy as he glowered at Hannibal. "We fucking did Hannibal. We talked it all through, when you told me to fucking leave."

His own anger seem to spur on Hannibal's - though what the fuck he had to be angry about Will couldn't imagine. But maybe this was the closure he needed?

"And that's the end? So you come here to... to..." Hannibal grit his teeth in anger and looked paste Will at Jimmy. "Are you going to take him home and fuck him Will?"

"Fucking hell Hannibal!" Will exclaimed almost at the same moment as Jimmy responded politely -

"Hey now!"

"It's none of your business Hannibal-"

“Did I mean so little to you that you would take home the first omega to show interest?” Hannibal interrupted him and Will saw red.

“Are you fucking serious?” He was vaguely aware that half the bar was watching them now. Maybe this wasn't what he needed... He took a breath and calmed himself before continuing. “Hannibal, I don't want to talk about this, and right now you are embarrassing me in front of my boss.”

Hannibal looked past Will again, and Will could imagine Jimmy now just giving him a friendly hello and tipping his imaginary hat.

“Will, I...”

He didn't want to hear it. Enough was enough. He was over this asshole. Tomorrow at work, he was sure he would have absolutely zero issues fucking any and all omegas thrown at him for the Valentine Special.

Will turned to Jimmy. “I'll see you tomorrow Jimmy. Sorry about all this.” He pushed passed Hannibal and went for the door.

*

Hannibal hesitated before knocking on Will's apartment door. He didn't want to make this worse, but he couldn't leave things as they were.

Whatever you have to do...

He had at least taken the chance to apologise for being rude to the omega at the bar before following Will. He didn't let himself hesitate until he was about to knock, but now he was frozen - caught up in the scent of his alpha on the other side.

His alpha.

He knocked.

On the third, more persistent knock the door opened to reveal a rather disgruntled Will. He was in grey sweatpants and nothing else, his still shower damp hair dripping.

“Really, Hannibal? Isn't this a little desperate?” Will's words were gruff and tired. “I've had a long day. Can't we just... I need to just forget this. Forget you. I need to get over you so you need to stop being an asshole and just fuck the hell off out of my life as you asked me to.”

Hannibal took that in and nodded, before replying. “What if I can't get over you?”

Will rolled his eyes and Hannibal wanted to laugh at the pleasure seeing such an affectation again brought him. He wanted the easy love back between them, the casual sassiness and silly banter. The free way Will made him feel.

Because... it was love.

“I love you Will.” Hannibal found himself admitting as quickly as the thought came to him. “Please... I beg you...”

Will paused for a moment and then took a breath. “You’d better come in.”

*

Will was as much startled by Hannibal’s begging as he was by his declaration of love.

Even more so when they walked into his living room and Hannibal continued.

“I’m... I’m sorry. I reacted poorly. I was jealous and that was unfair of me.”

Will huffed a chuckle that was actually far from amused. “You did. You know what I do, and this wasn’t meant to be serious, so I don’t know what gave you the right to...” he threw up his hands in exasperation. “It doesn’t matter. You made your opinion of me pretty clear. I’m a whore, right?”

He watched Hannibal wince at that. “No, I... It’s no excuse, but I was scared Will. Of my feelings, I didn’t know how to... To tell you that I... my feelings for you were changing...”

Will barked a laugh at that. “Probably not by calling me a whore.”

Hannibal scrubbed a hand over his face and he looked... vulnerable.

“Please Will...”

“You were jealous.” Will surmised. “You’re not the first lover I’ve had who couldn’t handle my job. I just... I thought you were different. They were alphas, and they were jealous because they didn’t like to share, but you... you were always so good about it. Right up until you weren’t.”

“I disappointed you.” Hannibal lowered his head. “I’m not used to that. Equally not used to... how I feel.” He looked up again then, eyes soft with love but hard with determination all at once. “I love you Will. I mean what I said. I’m in love with you. I didn’t mean to be, and it took me a while to realise what this was... what these feelings growing between us were. And instead of asking if you reciprocate, I pushed you away.” He let out a heavy sigh. “In the cruelest way.”

“And now you want me back.” Will stated. “Even though I’m a-”

“Don’t. Don’t say it. Please...” Hannibal was looking at him so intently as he closed the space between them and he dropped to his knees.

Will almost stepped back with the shock of it. Hannibal didn’t kneel before anyone.

The omega tentatively snaked his hands along Will’s hips, resting his head against the side of Will’s thigh. “Please... alpha...”

“Shit, Hannibal.” Will ran his hand into the omega’s hair, then gripped and pulled back sharply so they could meet each other’s eyes. “I was... I had feelings for you too. Was starting to...” He shook his head and let go of Hannibal but didn’t push him away. “How will this change anything. I’m not quitting my job.”

Will swallowed the lump in his throat at that. He had no intention to quit, he loved his job, but at this rate he was going to get fired. And then he would just end up resenting Hannibal for it. Maybe one farewell fuck would get him over it? Get him over whatever this was, find closure so he could get back to work with a clear head.

“You don’t know.” Hannibal agreed. “I don’t know. But I want to try. If you want to...”

Will shook his head. “I don’t know Hannibal. I just...”

“Tonight. Just tonight.” Hannibal begged. “Can we see how it... see if it would work. In the morning you can kick me out and we can forget it all - if that’s what you want. But please don’t let this go without trying...”

Part of Will knew he should be strong and resist. But... the truth was he had been falling in love with Hannibal, there was a connection there he’d never had with anyone else before. Selfishly he wanted to feel that again. Even if just for the night. Maybe it would be better if he could just have tonight and then move on.

Will let out a long breath before looking down at Hannibal and giving a curt nod.

*

Hannibal could feel the tears pricking at his eyes as Will kissed him.

They had relocated to the bedroom and now the alpha slowly undressed him as he kissed him - his mouth, his cheeks, his jaw and down to his shoulders. So tender and gentle with him, like there was a fragile peace between them that might be broken at any moment. It seemed to speak volumes.

“Will...” Hannibal started tentatively. “This is just for tonight, isn’t it?”

Will didn’t stop, his hands smoothing down Hannibal’s skin as they pushed off the clothes. His lips pressed to Hannibal’s shoulder as he sighed and replied - “I don’t know. Maybe. Let’s-”

“Let’s just enjoy it.” Hannibal jumped in with agreement. He hooked a finger under Will’s chin and lifted until they were face to face again and he was able to lean in and press his lips to Will’s.

They kissed as they made their way to the bed, the only clothing left between them was Will’s sweatpants.

Despite how bittersweet the occasion was, Hannibal’s arousal was not inhibited. Just the thought of being with Will in any way had slick coating his inner thighs and his cock hard

and leaking. Will broke the kiss to gently lay Hannibal back onto the bed before he removed his trousers and climbed over him.

The feel of Will pressed against him, the alpha's own and not insignificant hardness, was intoxicating. He let out a low groan which had Will responding with a growl as he leaned in to claim his mouth again. They kissed deeply, languid and exploratory. A last taste of each other perhaps.

Will dragged his mouth down, trailing his tongue as it left Hannibal's, down to his right nipple. He flicked his tongue over it before sucking it into his mouth. Hannibal couldn't help but arch up, which resulted in their cocks pushing together.

At that came another alpha growl... and in response, Hannibal found himself... purring.

He had never purred with a lover before, not even Will. He had never reached that place where he felt the comfort and pleasure - or expectation thereof - to drive that wholly omegan response from him.

Will's face was suddenly buried at his neck, and he was groaning - no doubt painfully turned on by the reaction he had brought out in Hannibal. He nuzzled at Hannibal's scent gland as his hands smoothed over his legs. Will gently spread Hannibal's thighs before finding his slick entrance with two gentle fingers. Hannibal purred louder and arched again as Will's fingers slid into him.

"Please... alpha..." Hannibal begged, needing to be knotted, needing the pleasure he was promised.

His purr was so loud now that it felt like it was echoing off of the walls.

"Hannibal..." Will moaned his name as he removed his fingers and lined his cock up. The empty feeling only bearable with the knowledge that soon they would be tied together.

Will thrust into him hard, as though he was unable to fight the same urge to possess that was now coursing through Hannibal. But once he bottomed out, his swelling knot pressed tight to Hannibal, he stilled.

Will was breathing heavily, panting as he drew back to look at Hannibal. His eyes were wide and dark and his teeth were practically bared. It was almost as though he were in rut but Hannibal knew from their discussions that it wasn't due until much later in the year.

Before Hannibal could register anything else, Will was kissing him again, devouring his mouth as he began to move in slow, deep, long thrusts. The whole act had Hannibal's body rocking, sliding a little further into the pillows with each thrust. It was divine, it felt like it would last forever and Hannibal wanted it to.

*

Will felt like his skin was tingling all over. The never ending sound of Hannibal purring felt like it was resonating through his soul. He had never made an omega purr before. They had

faked it with FX plenty of times in his movies, but never for real.

And now he was buried deep inside his omega. *His*. His fucking omega.

He didn't care what it took, what they had to do for this to work - this was his omega. It was pulsing through every vein in his body. They belonged to each other even before they had bonded... before...

"Oh... fuck, Hannibal..." He moaned against his skin as the pleasure of his purr sang along every nerve. He continued his thrusts, no faster, no slower, as he wrapped his arms around Hannibal. He pulled them tight together and just rocked until he was unable to resist any more and thrust that little deeper.

Hannibal sobbed as he was breached by Will's knot. His purr one continuous hum as Will felt him cum, untouched, between them. Will buried his face in Hannibal's neck again. His scent more divine than ever and it called to him.

Mine. Mine. Take!

"You're mine Hannibal, my omega. I'm your alpha." He muttered against Hannibal's sweat salty skin.

"Yes... Will, yours. Alpha... you're mine."

Will groaned and bared his teeth to Hannibal's neck. He continued his shallow thrusts, pleasure welling up through him in a way that was making him dizzy. But he didn't bite down until he felt Hannibal's face turn and his teeth graze him too. A bond had to be mutual to take.

The thought made his hips snap quicker, hardly able to move with his knot so snug inside Hannibal. He bit down at the same moment Hannibal did.

Will screamed through his teeth, tasting blood on his tongue as the pleasure and pain hit him. Hannibal's teeth latching deep as he came hard with a shudder and felt Hannibal do the same.

They lay there then, tied and sweaty. Licking each other's bloodied wounds before Will began to rock once more - knowing he could bring them to that pleasure again as Hannibal's purr lodged in his heart.

*

Will woke sore. His neck was raw and it took him only a moment to realise why.

He stretched, letting out a long moan of pleasure at the memory and realisation, before reaching across to find Hannibal next to him in the bed. He pulled the omega to him and rolled until his chest was to Will's back and they spooned in a sleepy silence.

Until-

“Fuck. Shit! Fucking, shit!” Will jumped out of the bed, grasping his neck and running to the bathroom, faintly hearing Hannibal stirring behind him and asking what was wrong.

He checked the bite when he got to the mirror, not that he needed to. He knew what it was. He felt the pull of it. He felt the bond between them and his heart swelled at it. Even if his brain had other ideas.

“Will?” Hannibal asked, appearing at the bathroom door, completely naked and sporting an angry and fresh bite on his neck too. “Are you alright?”

There was no insecurity there as there had been the night before. The omega had no need for insecurity now - they were bonded and nothing could break that. Not even Will’s job...

He groaned and scrubbed his hands over his face.

“My job.” He lamented.

“Yes... on that front. I... feel comfortable with it. We are bonded now and you will not have that with anyone else. I love you Will... I trust-”

“Hannibal. Stop.” Will held up his hand. “There is every chance I don’t have a job now.”

Hannibal looked at him quizzically and then moved behind him, wrapping his arms around Will and looking at their joint reflection in the mirror.

“Have you ever seen someone with a bond doing porn?”

“I’ve never really watch-”

“Hannibal, the point is, they don’t. Aside from how hard it can be for someone bonded to have sex with someone other than their mate, it... it’s so fucking taboo no one would even film it. I can kiss goodbye to this lucrative Valentine Special, and pretty much everything else... I don’t even know what other job I could get...”

“One thing at a time.” Hannibal soothed, nuzzling against the bonding mark he had left.

Will let out a sigh. “And what’s the first thing?”

Will jumped with a little yelp as Hannibal’s commanding hand grabbed his flaccid cock. “You need to relax before you do anything. I want you to relax before you face the day... and knot me before breakfast.”

“Damn.” Will muttered. “Might be during breakfast too at this rate. You’ll make me late for work” He voiced his sudden insatiable desire for his mate before turning in his arms and kissing him deeply, already hard once more.

Hannibal chuckled and pulled back. “I think we may have to get used to this... especially if your job continues. You know, sleeping with others won’t only make you crave me more, it will send your libido through the roof.”

*

“Are you serious right now Will!” Jimmy Price’s voice was a particularly high pitch.

“Look Jimmy. I know I’m late this morning and, uh... also... bonded. But, I mean... the makeup department...”

“Will. Oh holy baby cheeses. Will! This is wonderful!”

Will stared at the director-producer, stunned into silence.

“Mercy! Do you know how many years I’ve wanted to work with a bonded actor. Can you imagine the ratings?” Jimmy was practically hopping in excitement. “Fuck that Valentine piece of garbage. I’ve got the perfect script. Been sitting on it for years.” He motioned his hand as though the words were written in the air - “The Insatiable Alpha... He’s bonded, but he’s a horndog, he can’t get enough - so at night he goes out on the search for unbonded omegas.”

“That... sounds awful.” Will found himself admitting.

Jimmy nodded with a grin so wide it could probably be seen off planet. “Right? It’s going to be amazing. Instant top seller. You’ll probably get an AVN Award for it. Maybe I will too!” Jimmy had stars in his eyes, or dollar signs - they were much one and the same.

“So... this isn’t a problem?”

“Fuck no!” Jimmy laughed. “Baby, you’re gonna be the biggest star we’ve ever had!”

Will huffed a laugh. He couldn’t wait to let Hannibal know.

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